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Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

# HOW HE POPPED THE QUESTION,

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH,

IN ONE SCENE,

‘BY

IDA M. BUXTON,

— AUTHOR OF —

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# HOW HE POPPED THE QUESTION.

—o—

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

—

Keziah Ann.

Nathan Appleby.

—

*TIME — THE PRESENT.*

—

*SCENE — A KITCHEN OR PLAIN ROOM.*

—

*TIME IN REPRESENTATION—TWENTY MINUTES.*

## How He Popped the Question.

---

*SCENE.—Kitchen in a farm house. Keziah Ann seated at the table mending a frock.*

*Keziah. (looking at the clock)* Dear me, I should think 'twas 'bout time Nathan Appleby come along ef he's ever goin' to; I never see sech a feller in my life, he dassent say boo to a rag-baby; now he's a good kind-hearted man an' I kinder like him, but ef he had a leedle more spunk he'd get on better in the world; a kind heart and good habits is worth a great deal, I know, but they never will make very much of a mark unless there is a little gumption to back 'em up; now Nathan's smart in his way, he kin drive a bargain fust rate, but he ain't worth much to court a gal; he's ben comin' here regular three times a week for the last five years, he'll hitch an' aidge roun' an' try to hint that he loves me, but he ain't got grit enough to pop the question like a man, an' he knows I'd say yes anytime. O dear, it makes me mad to see how the other gals git along with their beaux, none on em has such work as I do; most on 'em has got married, and others are engaged, but somehow or other I can't bring Nathan to the pint. I guess he meant to pop tother night, but Rufus Dixon came in an' that scart him; he's awful jealous o' Rufus; now mebbe I kin take advantage o' that and bring him to his senses, if he don't pop to-night 'twill be because I can't make him. There he comes now. (*Nathan heard outside rubbing his feet on the scraper*) Jest hear him scrape his feet.

(*louder*) Ef that's you Nathan, you may as well come in an' not stay there wearing out your shoe leather.

*Enter Nathan.*

*Nathan.* How d'ye do, Keziah Ann? so you're to hum, be ye?

*Keziah.* Wal, it kinder looks so don't it?

*Nathan.* Yes, I dunno but what it does. How be ye gettin' on?

*Keziah.* O, fust rate, thank ye.

*Nathan.* I'm glad to hear that. (*aside*) Jerusalem, I wish I could git on in this courtin' business, but hang it I can't, sure as I try to say a word, my tongue sticks to the roof o' my mouth. (*to Keziah Ann*) How's you marm, Keziah Ann?

*Keziah.* She's pretty well, thank ye.

*Nathan.* Has she got over her nuraligy?

*Keziah.* Of course; you don't s'pose she's goin' to have nuraligy forever, do you?

*Nathan.* I hope not.

*Keziah.* Seems to me you're kinder late to-night, Nathan.

*Nathan.* Wal—yes—I am, that's a fact; but you see I had them pesky cows to keer for, an' all the chores to do an'—

*Keziah.* O yes, I s'pose you did.

*Nathan.* Now, its a hefty job to do all them chores, but I hurried roun' an' come as quick as I could.

*Keziah.* That does for you to tell, but I know some things you think I don't. You went to see Polly Higgins tother night, an' then them chores was done in double quick time, an' you got there early but now—

*Nathan.* Now Keziah Ann, that's an all-fired whopping mistake; I never went to see Polly Higgins in my life.

*Keziah.* (*aside*) I've got him now. (*to Nathan*) I know better'n that, you can't tell me. Somebody see you comin' from the ouse.

*Nathan.* I tell you 'taint true; I ain't ben to Higgins' house for more'n a year, don't you believe me Keziah Ann?

*Keziah.* I dunno 'bout it.

*Nathan.* O Keziah Ann, I'm talking as true as gospel, ef you don't believe me, I'll bust with sorrow, I tell ye I never—

*Keziah.* (*aside*) I guess he'll pop pretty soon. (*to Nathan*) You needn't tell me anymore, I know all about it. I don't think much of a feller that courts two gals at once; now there's Rufus Dixon, he never'd do such a thing.

*Nathan.* (*aside*) Rufus Dixon! O thunderation! Ef she's

mittened me for Rufus Dixon I'll blow my brains out, I'll suicide, I'll—I'll—

*Keziah. (aside)* I guess another dose'll fix him. *(to Nathan)* As I was a sayin', Rufus Dixon is a nice young man.

*Nathan.* To them as don't know him he is, but—

*Keziah.* Now the more I know him the nicer I think he is.

*Nathan. (aside)* O hokey-pokey pudding sticks, what on airth'll become o' me! I'll die, I know I shall. I'm sufficating already.

*Keziah. (aside)* He's most jealous enough I guess. *(to Nathan)* Yes, an' Ma thinks he's splendiferous, an' he kin get any gal in this neighborhood, he's got a big farm, an'—

*Nathan.* The farm ain't big at all, any gal with common sense kin see its all mortgaged an' there's—

*Keziah.* So you say; mebby 'tis, but then he's got sech hansum horses, I think.

*Nathan.* You don't know nothin' 'bout them hosses; he couldn't sell the whole lot on um for a hundred dollars, they've all got spavins and are old as Methusaler, an'—

*Keziah.* I don't believe a word on it; there ain't one of em got a spavin, I guess I know, an' there ain't sech a pretty black horse in the country as his Bob is.

*Nathan.* Now, Keziah Ann, how can you talk so, when I've heard you say more'n twenty times, that my Dobbin was the han-sumest black horse in the state; now you go back on a feller like this do you?

*Keziah.* It's hosses not fellers we're talkin' about; your old Dobbin has had the spring halt for more'n fifty years; when I said that about him I hadn't seen Rufus Dixon's.

*Nathan.* I wished to gracious you hadn't never seen him.

*Keziah. (aside)* He's improving. I guess he's pretty near ready.

*Nathan.* Ever sence Rufus Dixon come along, all the gals' heads has ben turned clear around, an' no sensible feller has had a chance to say a word.

*Keziah. (aside)* No chance to say a word! He's had five years; how much longer does he want? *(to Nathan)* Wal, I don't know as a gal can do any better than to take Rufus.

*Nathan.* Now Keziah Ann, you ain't ben an' gone an' thrown yourself away on that noodle, hev ye?

*Keziah.* Wal not exactly perhaps, but then that ain't sayin' I ain't had a chance; while you was a courtin' Polly Higgins I was havin' jest as good a time.

*Nathan.* Keziah Ann, you—you—you don't mean to say that Rufus Dixon has ben here an'—an'—that he's—he's—

*Keziah. (aside.)* He's going to pop. *(to Nathan)* I mean to say

that it wouldn't take Rufus Dixon forever an' an eternity after to court a gal; he'd make up his mind an' pop the question like a man with some spunk; he wouldn't dilly-dally roun' like some folks I know on' who'll sit all night an' stare like a new moon, an' never bint what they come fur.

*Nathan.* (*aside*) She's a hintin' at me hard. Blame it all why can't I pop now. (*to Keziah Ann*) Say Keziah, I—I—want—I want—

*Keziah.* Wal what do you want?

*Nathan.* Now don't be cross Keziah, you—you—you know what I want.

*Keziah.* Yes, you want a leetle common sense, that's jest what you want.

*Nathan.* Hang the common sense! I—I—want you to—to—o hang it—I—I want you to—to marry me; there its done by Jerusalem.

*Keziah.* Is that all?

*Nathan.* All? Ain't that enough? O Keziah Ann, I've been hankerin' arter you these five years an' never dast to ask you, but ye won't say no; oh Keziah, ef you do you'll drive me to distraction, I'll die of a broken heart, I can't live without ye.

*Keziah.* Law sakes, you needn't make so much fuss about it.

*Nathan.* And you'll have me Keziah Ann?

*Keziah.* Of course I will; I'd a had ye years ago, ef you'd only asked me.

*Nathan.* O gosh all hemlock, ain't I happy! An' you don't like Rufus Dixon, do ye?

*Keziah.* No, nor his horses neither.

*Nathan.* O Keziah Ann, I'm the jolliest man in Christendom; I feel as though 'twas Fourth of July, Christmas and Thanksgiving all in one. O glory hallelujah, star-spangled banner! We'll have a big weddin' with lots of turkey, mince pie and apple-sass, I can taste um now. I'm jest chuck full o' joy, an' all because you are mine forever.

CURTAIN.



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